

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXII. No. 2241

and **BYSTANDER**

London
June 7, 1944



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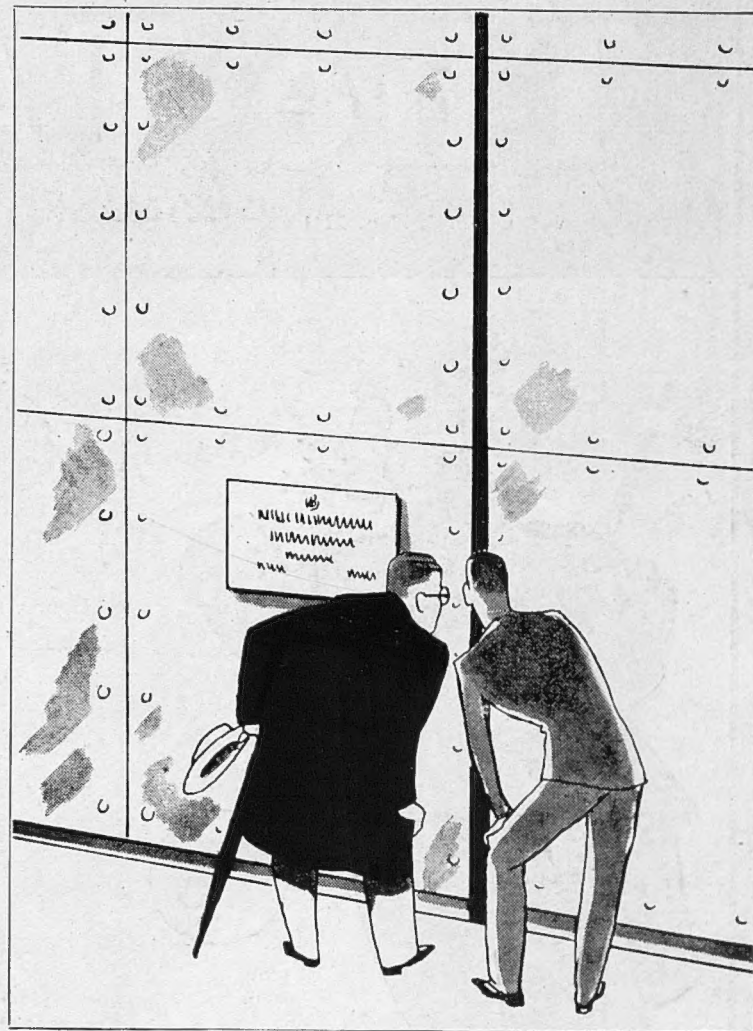
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THE TATLER

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Vol. CLXXII. No. 2241

LONDON

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Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



John Vickers

Fay Compton in a John Gielgud Production

Fay Compton returns to the West End theatre to-night at the Phoenix in an adaptation of Kate O'Brien's best seller, *The Last of Summer*. The setting of the play is in Ireland, just before and after the outbreak of war. Miss Compton is seen as mistress of a large country house, a possessive, domineering woman whose jealousy causes her to shatter the romance between her elder son and a half-French cousin who arrives unexpectedly from Paris. *The Last of Summer* is not the first occasion on which Fay Compton has worked with John Gielgud. She was Ophelia to his Hamlet at Elsinore in 1939 and appeared also as Regan in his Old Vic production of *King Lear*.



WAY OF THE WAR

"By Foresight"

Flashback

ROME four years ago was a city of sunshine, good food, serious conversation and some gaiety. But it was mainly false gaiety. For in those days the people of Rome spent their days hoping against hope. Their constant hope was that Italy would keep out of the war. At cocktail parties, in the hotels, even in shops people argued that there was no reason why Italy should be involved. Italy was neutral. They spoke ceaselessly and passionately, but always there was an undertone of doubt in their voices. They spoke as people who hoped, because they could not influence the course of events by any action of theirs. They had hopes that King Victor Emmanuel might save them from war. Yet they knew that Mussolini's would be the last word.

Mussolini, sipping lemonade. . . . An arrogant smile on his face. Ciano, dashing here, there and everywhere in his flashy sports car, usually more active at night when he was invariably seen in the streets of Rome in evening dress. Grandi in the shadows and rarely to be seen at any of the important functions. Life at the Hotel Excelsior went on. The Queen of Spain was there. So was King Alfonso, most mornings about lunch time, until his death. The dance bands crooned and screeched until early morning. Nobody was certain what was going to happen. The less they knew the more aggressively they asserted that Italy would remain neutral. Moonlight nights in Rome were as ever beautiful. Romantic. A Fascist came to see me in my hotel and said: "We shall be in the war against you in a few weeks and I don't think

we shall be on the winning side." We drank a champagne cocktail. . . . Italy came into the war and Mussolini cannot muster any more arrogance. Ciano is dead. Rome is being cleansed of Germans. . . .

Progress

THE experts were always confident that the destruction of Rome might be avoided. Every effort was made to this end. All Sir Harold Alexander's strategy was directed towards diverting and destroying the Germans before they could reach the capital. Even then confidence sometimes wilted. The Germans were expected—if they had time—to wreak their vengeance on that which they could not hold for themselves. There was nothing more in this Allied policy than a deep desire to avoid wantonness. It was generally understood to be Sir Harold Alexander's instructions that the preservation of Rome as such must not stand in the way of any military necessity. There is no doubt that the strategy Sir Harold adopted baffled the Germans. The weight and mobility at his command added to the speed of the German retreat and prevented them from putting into operation at least some of their preconceived plans. At one point General Alexander's progress was several days in advance of the timetable he had set himself.

Repercussions

FROM the outset it was Sir Harold Alexander's object to harry the Germans and trap them in between Cassino and Anzio and destroy as many of them as possible. In other words to take the sting out of the German divisions as fighting units before they could fall back on

Rome in strength. His object was never to secure territory as such, only to kill Germans and humble the pride of some of the best German divisions. He has achieved this prime intention in good measure. Even the Germans are told by the propagandists of the superior tactics of the Allied military leaders. When the Germans praise an enemy as they have Sir Harold Alexander, it is safe to assume that the battle has been lost. Hence Lieutenant-General Dittmar had to say on behalf of the German High Command: "We face an opponent who is able to make amends for almost any tactical mistakes by the mass of forces at his command." Dittmar then revealed that it was impossible to replace the German formations by reinforcements. He was sounding the defeat.

Depression

IT is worth while considering the new situation arising out of the Allied successes in Italy. The Germans have always believed in the Army. It was easy, after the last war, to sow the legend that the German Army had never been defeated. Hitler did well out of this lie. It has been fairly easy to camouflage the many defeats suffered in Russia. Most of the blame has been put on the weather and the difficult country. Then the excuse was that the Russians were overwhelming in their numbers and did not heed danger of any kind, nor did death frighten them. While the German people were troubled about the reverses in Russia, they undoubtedly represented something different in their minds. But defeat at the hands of the Allies in Italy must come as a shock at a time when they are told that all their defences are proof against any invading force; that the Army is in good heart and invincible if only those who are at home remain staunch.

Incalculable forces may flow from the Allied victory in Italy. It is something that the German propagandists cannot hide or camouflage. It is the writing on the wall. Those Germans who imagine that they could not lose the war must now have their doubts. From the point of view of the German High Command Italy is a catastrophe. They had thought that it would be comparatively easy



Mr. Duncan Sandys in Italy

Mr. Sandys, Parliamentary Under Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, recently met Gen. Sir Harold Alexander, C-in-C. Allied Armies, and Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese at 8th Army headquarters. During his stay in Italy Mr. Sandys visited Anzio beach-head, and saw enemy positions being bombarded



The Nawab of Bhopal in Cyprus

During a flying visit to men stationed at Cyprus, the Nawab of Bhopal inspected them on parade and watched them carry out a field exercise. He stayed with the Governor of Cyprus at Government House, where he inspected a guard provided by the Cyprus Police Force



Drummond Young

The Lord High Commissioner and his Suite at the Palace of Holyrood House

Sitting: The Countess of Dalhousie, Sir Henry Craik, Bt., G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I., Mrs. Thomas Johnston, The Rt. Hon. Thomas Johnston (Secretary of State for Scotland), the Lord High Commissioner, the Marchioness of Linlithgow, Lady Victoria Wemyss (Lady in Waiting), Lady Joan Hope (Maid of Honour), Lady Doreen Hope (Maid of Honour), Lady Anne Southby and Master Richard Southby. Standing: Mr. R. Aitken, Mr. J. Wilson Paterson, C.V.O., Rev. Johnston Oliphant, B.D. (Chaplain), Lt.-Col. E. D. Stevenson, C.V.O., M.C. (Purse-Bearer), Sir David King Murray, M.P., K.C. (Solicitor-General), Lt. Viscount Lymington, R.N.V.R. (A.D.C.), Maj. O. B. Younger (A.D.C.), S/Ldr. P. J. Ferguson, R.A.F. (A.D.C.)

to hold the Allied Forces at bay, compel the military commanders to have many anxious moments about supplies of men and material. Instead of which, assuming all goes as well as it is now, the Allies will be able to divert a number of divisions earmarked for Italy for service elsewhere.

Rumour

HITLER is silent these days. Not a word has come from him to comfort the Germans at this crisis in their history. No doubt he will eventually feel compelled to address the German nation. It would be strange if he did not. There are, once again, rumours that Hitler is no more. Some reports say that he

was shot by a mad German some time ago and that members of his entourage were injured. These have not been confirmed. Now Dr. Arthur Hallen, a New Zealander, who has just been repatriated from Germany, declares that he is certain Hitler is dead. He believes that he died of cancer of the throat some time ago, and suggests that at the right time he will be represented in the flesh by one of his various doubles.

Obviously, this is another of those stories which it is not possible to check. But whatever has happened, or not happened, I suggest that somebody is controlling Germany at this moment with a strong nerve and great determination. It might be Hitler. He has never lacked determination and although highly strung he has always boasted of the strength of his nerves. Germany has suffered much more in this war than she did in the last. The consequences of war have bitten deep into her life, her territory and her people. Long before this happened in the last war the Germans were suing for peace. They wanted peace. It may have been that the late President Wilson, by his peace-on-points plan, gave them an opportunity which nobody has allowed them in this war. The Germans have many times probed for peace, but the Allies have remained firm.

Planning

IT is interesting, in considering this point, that President Roosevelt should have declared in Washington that in seeking a new world organization to secure peace after the war he is thinking in terms of 1944 and not of 1919. President Roosevelt was a staunch supporter of President Wilson's policy and as a young man stumped the United States urging support for the League of Nations. At a Press Conference the other day, when reminded of this, he said we were all much older and were proceeding with much more experience than when the old League of Nations was formed.

There is no doubt that a considerable degree of agreement on general principles for securing world peace has been reached between Britain, Soviet Russia and the United States. For this, Mr. Anthony Eden is largely responsible, although Marshal Stalin is as deeply interested in planning security as is President Roosevelt

and Mr. Cordell Hull. Mr. Eden has the advantage of having tried as much as anybody, if not more than most, to make the old League work. He will probably be going to Washington soon to take part in conferences to fashion fresh principles. Mr. Cordell Hull has shown great foresight in manoeuvring the all-party Committee of Congress into a position whereby they have promised him support for his policy in advance. This is something different from what President Wilson tried to do. He refused to seek the advice or support of his political opponents at the end of the last war, in which lay the cause of his defeat and America's withdrawal from the League soon after it had been born.



Commanding Airborne Troops

Lt.-Gen. F. A. M. Browning, C.B., D.S.O., commands airborne troops in Britain. Before the war he commanded the 2nd battalion of the Grenadier Guards. His wife is Daphne du Maurier, authoress of the successful novel, "Rebecca"



Portrait of an Admiral

This picture of Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Andrew Cunningham was painted by Lt.-Cdr. David S. Ewart, A.R.S.A., R.N.V.R. The artist, a professional portrait painter in peace time, returned from the U.S.A. at the outbreak of war

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Nothing Like It

By James Agate

I ATTENDED *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (London Pavilion) without having read Thornton Wilder's book, hailed as a masterpiece when it came out. Looking to my old friend Synopsis, I learned that this is the story of a priest, one Brother Juniper, who was concerned to discover why, when sometime in 1714, the finest bridge in Peru broke, five travellers should have been chosen for destruction out of the hundreds of persons who passed over the bridge every day. That the priest saw the accident at a time when he "happened to be in Peru converting the Indians." But surely if Brother Juniper had known his Bible better he would have bethought him of Ecclesiastes' "Time and chance happeneth to them all," chucked his inquest, and devoted whatever energy he had left after converting the Indians to forming a society for better and stronger bridges. But would this have provided Wilder with a theme for a novel? No.

prepared not to look in the picture for a reproduction of whatever it was that Wilder had done in his novel. But I was equally unprepared for the mushy, back-stage story. True that the events happened in Peru two hundred and thirty years ago; the mushiness was there all right, and a story does not cease to be American back-stage merely because the stage is South America in 1714. In fact I found when I came out of the cinema that I just couldn't believe that the film was even a reasonable transcription of the novel, provided the novel was all that some quite good critics have claimed for it.

WHEREFORE I hied me to Hatchard's, and bought a copy of the book, and perused it. I found, as I had all along suspected, that the metaphysico-theological framework was all my eye and Brother Juniper, and that Wilder could have reached the same conclusion if his



"The Bridge of San Luis Rey" (London Pavilion)

Thornton Wilder's best seller has been filmed and is now showing at the London Pavilion. It is reviewed, not very encouragingly, by James Agate on this page. The film brings Nazimova (right, above) back to the screen after a long absence. Lynn Bari plays the part of Michaela, Francis Lederer doubles the twin brothers Manuel and Esteban, Akim Tamiroff is Uncle Pio, and Louis Calhern the Viceroy. Left, above, Michaela says good-bye to her lover, Manuel, under the watchful eye of her master, the Viceroy

"CAN we not all remember with a shiver," asked Walkley, "certain stage versions of Scott, Dickens and Thackeray?" "Esmond thought of the courier, now galloping on the North road to inform him, who was Earl of Arran yesterday, that he was Duke of Hamilton today, and of a thousand great schemes, hopes, ambitions, that were alive in the gallant heart, beating a few hours since, and now in a little dust quiescent." Not Orson Welles himself could do anything with that "little dust quiescent." All he or any film director could give us would be a diminishing view of the courier with a galloping horse kicking up a lot of dust turbulences! Recognizing this I was

novel had been about five people scalded to death in a Turkish bath, or five travellers in an express train who, sticking their heads out of five windows, find themselves decapitated. "There is a land of the living and a land of the dead, and the bridge is love, the only survival, the only meaning" is sentimental twaddle. It may, of course, be merely Brother Juniper's twaddle, but I feel that if, say, Maugham had been the author he would have dropped a hint to that effect. It was, of course, the twaddle in this book and not the pastiche of eighteenth-century letter-writing which sold it. The great public hates pastiche and adores twaddle.

I AM a little worried in the matter of arithmetic. In the book the five victims are the Marquesa de Montemayor, the little maid Pepita, the less likeable of the two Peruvian Brothers, the theatrical manager and pander, Uncle Pio, and Don Jaime, the seven-year-old son of Camila Perechole, actress and mistress of the Viceroy. In the book Camila has a remarkable career. She deceives the Viceroy with a toreador, has a son by the Viceroy, gets smallpox, retires from the stage, and is left at the end with her head on the knees of an abbe. In the film there is no toreador, neither is Camila the Viceroy's mistress. Hollywood has told us that the Dubarry was a lady, and Camila is a lady in the sense that she grabs whatever she can get out of the Viceroy and gives him nothing in return. Needless to say she has no child and, unless my eyes deceived me, she is left at the end in the arms of the more likeable of the Peruvian Brothers who has become a prosperous sea-captain, whereas in the book he dies of blood poisoning. The immediate point is this: In the film Camila has no child, and consequently there is no child to be killed. Who, then, takes Don Jaime's place in the accident? Is it the Indian who carries a sack of grain across the screen once and is not glimpsed again?

"NOTRE fille est peuple: elle est peuple" is her father's description of the deliciously bad actress in Abel Hermant's *La Fausse Comédienne*. Lynn Bari is "peuple" all right, but not, I suggest, in the way of a Peruvian peasant girl. Her actress is one of those extravagantly commonplace little baggages characteristic of Hollywood in its mood of back-stage. As the Viceroy, Louis Calhern puts up the dulllest and most boring performance I have ever seen in a cinema. Nazimova plays the Marquesa with the best intentions, but somehow or other contrives to look like Maire O'Neill's Mrs. Maisie Madigan in the middle of a bilious attack. Pepita is any uninteresting Hollywood Backfisch. Francis Lederer gives a good account of the Peruvian Brothers, whom he doubles, because he is too good an actor to give a bad account of anything. Unfortunately there is nothing in Uncle Pio, who is on the screen most of the time, for even so accomplished an actor as Akim Tamiroff to begin to act. And Don Jaime? But there isn't any Don Jaime! So all I can personally do about this is to twiddle my thumbs and wonder what Freddie Bartholomew was like at seven.

HERE, then, are my points. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* would be a good novel if Mr. Wilder had been content to draw an objective picture of a muddle-headed priest of two hundred years ago. In so far as the author identifies himself with Brother Juniper, the book is sentimental slush. But Mr. Wilder is cleverer than that. He contrives to have a foot in each camp and to suggest in turns Anatole France and the Rev. Silas Hocking. And that, of course, was why *The Bridge* became a best-seller; the half that was Anatole hoodwinking Arnold Bennett and the half that was Silas roping in the rest. Is it possible that the mushiness of the film plus a blurb which is one hundred per cent Hocking have affected my brain? Can the book be a masterpiece of irony after all? Is my notion of Wilder-Juniper as Shakespeare-Hamlet pure nonsense? Possibly. In any case the film is tosh. But tosh which has given me an idea. Why does not Hollywood now make a film, taking Camila for its model, about Mrs. Fitzherbert snubbing the Prince Regent and refusing to bear children to anybody except the handsome Guards officer whom she meets at a Drawing Room and ultimately marries? Title? *The Bridge of San Tommy Rot*.



The new recruits are stationed in a remote part of the country. A neighbour offers them the hospitality of her house for baths and recreation. (Raymond Huntley, John Laurie, Stanley Holloway, Jimmy Hanley, James Donald and Hugh Burden)



Ready for action, the men are shipped overseas. Their ship is torpedoed in the Mediterranean and survivors are taken back to Gibraltar (David Niven is on the right)

"The Way Ahead"

David Niven in a Film of the British Army, written by Peter Ustinov

● *The Way Ahead* is a film about civilians, about the plumber, the baker, the candlestick maker—in fact all these men, the black coat, the artisan, the agricultural worker who in 1940 found themselves uprooted and deposited in some strange part of the country there to be taught a new profession—the ancient trade of the soldier. The growing pains of these men, the gradual development of the team spirit and the final baptism of fire is the theme of the story. The film concerns itself much more with training than with actual fighting. It will be shown for the first time tomorrow under the patronage of the King and Queen at a premiere organized to aid the A.T.S. Benevolent Fund at the Odeon Theatre



Lieut. Perry (David Niven) spends embarkation leave with his wife (Penelope Dudley Ward) and his daughter. The Perry's daughter in the film is Penelope Ward's daughter in real life, Tracy Pelissier



The British Tommies play darts with Arabs in a Gibraltar café. The proprietor (Peter Ustinov) does not like the idea at first but is finally won over and turns out to be an expert dart player himself



In the front line at last, the men prepare to put their training to practical use. They prepare their own defence positions under the supervision of Lt. Perry. Their civilian status is forgotten. The British Tommy is re-born

The Theatre

"A Night In Venice" at the Cambridge

By Horace Horsnell

WE needs must love the highest when we see it; and sometimes, when we don't, its absence seems to make the heart grow fonder. It is so here. For while Johann Strauss is not Mozart, there were moments in the performance of this Venetian operetta when one almost wished that he were. The wish would have been not only unreasonable, but unfair to Strauss and to this sumptuous production, which had its own sparkle, as well as a singer or two who would not have blenched at Mozart's name.

The mistakes of the Venetian night which animate the action of the piece are no more crass or complicated than many an opera before and since has condoned and exploited with tuneful success. And since it is carnival time, the Venetian populace is highly decorative and the local colour is lavish. Mr. Joseph Carl, who has a nice taste in Canaletto, has designed four scenes that are architecturally imposing and consistently picturesque. On the moonlit canals fine gondolas glide with remarkably smooth precision, and disembark their festive fares where the fun is sometimes fast and even furious. There is the sound of revelry by night.

THE amorous Duke of Urbino arrives by water to share the fun and patronize the fete. He is revisiting an old playground, and has naughty designs on the wives of the Venetian senators. Having, moreover, both ducal and operatic privileges, he throws open his sumptuous palace, and issues liberal invitations to a party at which he hopes to effect those designs.

Masks are *de rigueur*. These encourage and assist the ladies to flout humdrum convention, and temporarily confuse social distinctions. Particularly do they assist the fair unknown who, first seen in her proper person as an

oyster-seller, borrows the dress and the identity of another lady, and teaches the Duke yet again that there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

But you know how these things are done, if not always why; and the eighteenth century Venetian vivacity keeps the action on the move. There is adventure for most and music for all. Enterprise and chance hobnobbery are the order of the night. Neither high nor lower personages keep their usual place, but follow whither the carnival spirit and their fortunes lead. Thus Mr. Jerry Verno, who begins as an

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Caramello woos the lovely Annina
(Dennis Noble and Daria Bayan)



Ciboletta and Pappacoda
(Heather Boys, Jerry Verno)



The Duke of Urbino with Delaqua, Barbaruccio and Testaccio
(Henry Wendon, George Howe, Norman Macowan, Lawrence Barclay)

itinerant macaroni vendor, ends as the Duke's cook, whereas the Duke follows a false trail and is snapped at, though not badly bitten, by true love, all in the near-Figaro manner.

Yet despite the bustle and glitter, the rousing choruses, dances and pleasant arias, one feels that Strauss himself is happier in Vienna than in Venice, while Mozart, whose absence makes the heart grow fonder, is at home everywhere, and particularly in Heaven.

ARE such comparisons gratuitous as well as odious? There is perhaps little but a wishful warrant for them. Strauss's score is workmanlike enough, and has a general variety. The melodies seem to punctuate rather than be sustained by the action with that creative buoyancy which distinguishes even the recitative of greater masters. But then Strauss, without challenging his betters in this genre, had not a da Ponte to inspire him, and the book of this mannered operetta has survived some translational vicissitudes that may have been hard both on its narrative graces and its humour.

AT a suitable stage in the moonlit revels, characters of the *commedia dell'Arte* invade the scene with their mimetic artifices, and present a picturesque and ambitious ballet which is traditionally dressed and vivaciously danced. And there are, of course, a waltz as well as a tarantella to show the composer's flair for national rhythms and the adaptability of our (on the whole) native dancers.

Mr. Henry Wendon, from grand opera, sings and portrays the Duke with distinction. Miss Daria Bayan is a tuneful and game soubrette, who falls, not for the ducal blandishments, but for the teasing yet honourable intentions of Mr. Dennis Noble's robustly sung Caramello. And Mr. Jerry Verno brings his masterful experience to bear on the not very racy humours of the macaroni vendor, and turns out comedy bricks with a zest that defies the shortage of chaff, and rags and dances with Miss Heather Boys as if the plebeian drollery were at least as important as the patrician airs and graces.



The Duchess of Kent gave her support to the "Daily Sketch" Fund by attending the premiere. She is seen with Lord Kemsley



The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire met Lord Herbert in the foyer

Right: Air Chief-Marshall Sir Arthur Tedder brought his wife



First-Nighters at the London Pavilion

Charity Performance of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"



Patricia Cavendish and Roderick Cameron accompanied their mother, Lady Kenmare



The U.S. Army was represented by General Peabody and Mrs. Knight



Lady Kemsley made a short speech before the curtain went up. She is with Mr. Copland



Brigadier Edgar Anstey came with Lady Campbell



The Rt. Hon. Stanley Bruce brought Mrs. Bruce



Lord Bruntisfield and Lady Brabourne were together

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

A Royal Horse Show

THE first horse show organised by the "Royal Windsor Horse Show Club," in the Home Park of Windsor Castle, was a tremendous success. It was held in aid of various war charities, including the comparatively new Combined Operations Benevolent Fund, and the King and Queen were present with the two Princesses, who competed in the driving classes. The Duchess of Kent brought Princess Alexandra, who is also very keen on ponies and riding. The great excitement of the day came when both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret won first prizes in their different driving classes. Princess Elizabeth won the "Private Driving Class" for best single turn-out, for which there were twenty-six entries. She drove a dun-coloured pony beautifully, in a very smart phaeton which originally belonged to Queen Victoria, with Princess Margaret as her passenger. It was a popular win, and there was great applause when the Duke of Beaufort, president of the Show, handed them the cup. Princess Margaret drove a black pony in a modern "utility" trap, with her sister as passenger, in the "Wartime Utility Single Driving Class," which she won after putting up an excellent show. The King looked delighted at his younger daughter's success as he stepped into the ring to present the cup. Both the entries were made in the name of His Majesty the King.

Children's Jumping

THERE was a very big class for the children's jumping, which showed the high standard of horsemanship amongst the younger generation. The judges for this class were Major the Hon. Henry Broughton, Col. Dermot McMorrough Kavanagh, Mr. R. Murless and Capt. the Earl of Normanton. The Countess Fortescue, in a pale-blue summer frock, judged the children's riding classes with Lord Knutsford, who was for nine years Master of the Avon Vale and later Joint-Master of the V.W.H. Lady Fortescue is a beautiful horsewoman,

and frequently judged the ladies' classes at Olympia and Richmond Horse Shows before the war.

Among others I saw in the enclosure were Sir Eric Mievile, Assistant Private Secretary to the King; Lord Wigram, permanent Lord-in-Waiting; and Lord Rupert Nevill, the Marquess of Abergavenny's younger son, who brought his bride, the former Lady Camilla Wallop. Lord and Lady Manton were together; the Hon. Mrs. Butterwick walked down from Eton with her niece, the Hon. Mrs. Benjamin Fox, and her great-niece, Elizabeth, who was in her pram. Elizabeth, who is not yet a year old, is the first grandchild of Viscount Davidson and Viscountess Davidson, M.P.

Empire Day Reception

THE DUCHESS OF KENT was in great form and looking perfectly charming in a soft shade of almond green, with ruby and diamond brooch in hat and dress, and matching earrings, when she went to the Empire Day reception at Overseas House. Not content with shaking hands with those presented to her, who had been lucky enough in the ballot to have tickets allocated to them, the Duchess went downstairs and mingled with the crowd of members who waited her. Her ready smile and friendly manner won all hearts. Marie Lady Willingdon went round with her, and so did Lady Louis Mountbatten and Mr. Eric Rice. There were, naturally, many people with overseas connections. Lord and Lady Knollys, for instance; Lady Brabourne (who is still without news of her son, who was a prisoner of war in Italy and has escaped); Lady Davson; and the Maharajah of Kashmir, with whom the Duchess had quite a long chat. Lady Cranborne came to represent her husband, and rather late the Lord Chancellor came along from the House of Lords with Lady Simon.

Young Poetess

MRS. CARLETON TUFNELL, the seventeen-year-old daughter-in-law of Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Richard Tufnell, who married their only son

(a Lieutenant in the Scots Guards and himself only just twenty), is developing into a very successful poetess. She started writing when she was five, and the *Spectator* has been publishing her verses since she was fifteen. Hutchinson's *Poems by Contemporary Women* contains several, one of which was recently broadcast under the title of "London 1941." They are all very modern in style, as is to be expected, and show a great gift for pathos and sympathetic understanding of the life of to-day. Cdr. Tufnell, who is M.P. for the Borough of Cambridge, owns one of the big mansions in Eaton Square, now taken over by the Government. Meanwhile, he and his attractive and able wife have contrived to make a London home in their garage, which lies at the back of the house. Geraniums and marguerites fill its window-boxes, and there are a couple of matching tubs flanking the doorway. As



Dorothy Wilding

An Engagement

Miss Pamela McCartan-Mooney, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. W. McCartan-Mooney, of Dublin, is to marry W/Cdr. D. P. Kelly, D.F.C., son of Col. D. P. J. Kelly, O.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Kelly, of Edinburgh



Mr. Anthony Eden found time to look in at the birthday party of the All-Services Club, of which Mrs. Eden is the president. With the Edens in this picture is Subaltern Mary Churchill, who came in A.T.S. uniform



Swache

The All-Services Club Celebrates Another Anniversary

The Chinese Ambassador, Dr. Wellington Koo, and his wife and Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, the Allied Air C-in-C., were guests, and being entertained by Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, who is chairman and founder of the Club



The President of the Board of Trade Visits the Officers' Kit Replacement Organisation

Mr. Dalton (left) was shown round by Mrs. Mathew, founder of the organisation, Major Austin and Lady MacFarlane, wife of Lt.-Gen. Sir Noel Mason-MacFarlane, Governor of Gibraltar

Lady Cordeaux explained to her son, Rear-Admiral Dundas, how the organisation refits officers of the Navy, Army, R.A.F. and Merchant Navy who have lost their kit

In the Navy Room, Capt. Henniker-Heaton tried on some garments, and was fitted out by Mrs. Oliphant. No coupons are needed for the clothes provided

Cdr. Tufnell has been ill, he and his wife have gone to spend the Parliamentary recess at the Manor House, Calmsden, in Gloucestershire, where Mrs. Tufnell's eighty-year-old father, Mr. J. A. K. Falconer, has a well-known herd of pedigree beef shorthorns. He farms 1290 acres, and all the family help. Mrs. Carleton Tufnell is now living at Camberley, while her husband is an instructor at Pirbright; she is doing a secretarial course.

Reception to "All Services"

MRS. ANTHONY EDEN and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook recently gave another of their very successful receptions at the All-Services Canteen Club in Upper Grosvenor Street. This is the Club which they started together and have made into a tremendous success. Mr. Anthony Eden came on from the House, where he had been speaking in the debate on Foreign Affairs, to support his wife in entertaining her many guests. These included men and women from all the Allied Nations and the Dominions. Both Mr. and Mrs. Eden moved around the two very crowded rooms chatting to friends, one of the first being Mr. Gusev, the Soviet Ambassador. Mrs. Littlejohn Cook worked tirelessly seeing that everyone had all they wanted and were enjoying the party. Major

Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., who is Welfare Liaison Officer for Dominion troops in London, was chatting to Mrs. Vincent Massey, wife of the High Commissioner for Canada, and a Belgian officer. Mrs. Massey, who looked charming in navy-blue, was saying how thrilled she was at the prospect of getting her son home; he is one of the lately repatriated prisoners, and at the time of this party was on his way.

At the Party

COL. WILSON, a delightful personality and a very live wire in the W.A.A.C., was being congratulated on the smartness and splendid behaviour of the W.A.A.C.s in this country, a great number of whom are under her control; she was greeted by Col. Lefferts, of the U.S. Army, who laughingly said "he had arrived to talk shop," which, of course, he was not allowed to do. Subaltern Mary Churchill was surrounded by officers from the Allied Nations and Dominions, who were delighted at this opportunity to meet her or to renew an acquaintance. Lord Fermoy was earnestly chatting to friends at the end of the room, and later welcoming several U.S. officers. Lord Fermoy is, of course, half-American himself, his mother coming from New York, and he himself finished his education in the United

(Concluded on page 312)



Three D.F.C.s at the Palace

S/Ldr. A. Wharton, F/Lt. D. Giblin and F/Lt. B. E. Gale went to a recent investiture, and all three received the D.F.C. The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage was with them when they left the Palace



H. I. Jarman

Major and Mrs. Hambro's Daughter Christened

This group was taken after the christening of the baby daughter of Major and Mrs. Nigel Hambro at Coldham Hall, Bury St. Edmund's, home of Lt.-Col. Hambro. In front, Master J. Dickson, Mrs. Hambro and the baby; behind, Lt.-Col. Innes, Mrs. Dickson, Major Nigel Hambro, Mrs. Peel and Lt.-Col. Hambro



A Christening in Buckinghamshire

Rex Carey Alfred Harrison, son of Mr. Rex Harrison, the stage and screen actor, and his wife (Lilli Palmer) was christened at Fulmer Church, Bucks. With the baby and his parents are Sir David and Lady Maxwell-Fyffe, F/Lt. Geoffrey Tooth and Lady Bartlett



Lady Farfield (Jane Carr) celebrates factory promotion by giving a party. Her two mates (Angela Wyndham Lewis and Patricia Laffan) and the foreman Sam (George Carney) bring their own rations, which are handed by Lady Farfield to Lotta, the cook (Hella Kurty)



While the party is in progress, two R.A.F. officers (Ralph Truman and Noel Dryden) arrive at Farfield Hall on instructions from the billeting authorities. G/Capt. Camyon discovers in Lady Farfield an old steel-heart. He criticises her way of living and gets his face slapped

"How Are They At Home?"

J. B. Priestley Supplies an Answer to the Troops' Most Popular Question



Cdre. Pentworthy, of the B.L.A.D.S., a sister-in-law of Lady Farfield's, interrupts the party. Her appearance causes some consternation (Mignon O'Doherty, Henry Hewitt, John Salew)



Coming down from his room, G/Capt. Camyon finds the party in progress. The clothes of the women confirm his first impression of the house, and he expresses his disgust of their behaviour in wartime by dashing a glass of champagne on to the carpet. The old butler Kenton (Charles Groves) expresses his outraged feelings. "It's the very last bottle in the house," he says, as much in sorrow as in anger



Without menfolk around, the party falls flat. The girls sit around and yawn, wishing the two R.A.F. officers would come down from their rooms and join in the fun. Lotta, one-time opera star (Hella Kurty), suggests they should all glamorise themselves in the pre-war clothes stored away in boxes upstairs



Lotta, dressed in her old finery, sings an excerpt from *Die Fledermaus*. She is accompanied by Lady Farfield and Raymond Killigrew, a Civil Servant also billeted at the Hall (Henry Hewitt)

Photographs by Hess



Cpl. Packet (John Slater) arrives home unexpectedly from North Africa. He finds his pen-friend Eileen (Patricia Laffan) at Farfield Hall and joins the party



Major George Webber (John Salew) sees the funny side when he realises what a wrong impression G/Capt. Camyon (Ralph Truman) has of the house and of their hostess. He soon puts him wise



G/Capt. Camyon apologises for his ill-mannered behaviour. He is forgiven, an old quarrel between Lady Farfield and himself is made up and all ends well

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ONE of the Fleet Street boys' tributes to that grand storyteller the late Quiller-Couch ("Q") mentioned the notable fact that though he was the Duchy of Cornwall's finest publicity-agent, he never toyed with any whimsy about reviving the Cornish tongue, which died with old Dolly Pentraeth in the 1780's, they say.

Knowing less about this matter than the Great Black Goat of Gunwalloe, our surmise is that Cornish was a sweet language for cursing in, like all the other tongues of the Celt and the Gael. When a bilingual Highlander is annoyed and dismayed with anyone he may say simply, "Tam and plast you whateffer, you pluttly impecile," and let it go at that, or he may burst into a torrent of gorgeous chanting Gaelic, beginning with cries like "*A bhobh bhobh!*" ("Wow! Wow!") and "*Amhic an diabhoil!*" ("Spawn of the devil!") and "*A Mhuire mhàthair!*" ("Mary Mother!") and proceeding to some exquisitely poetic, complicated, and superfine imprecations. So also the Irish Gaels, a hint of whose utterly lovely cursing in its simplest form is conveyed in that wellknown translation of James Stephens:

May she marry a ghost and bear him a kitten,
and may
The High King of Glory permit her to get the
mange.

Footnote

OUR kinsmen the hairy and passionate Welch, and even more the Bretons, are just as good, and as for the Cornish curse,

our guess is that it was pretty cabbalist, mixed with the howling of their native giant Tregeagle, with a dash of the terror of the haunted moors and the colossal noise of the Atlantic. The real Cornish, the blackavised and secret natives, always look to us as if they'd slit any foreign throat for fourpence, including the collective windpipe of the Island Race, their conquerors. It would end a lot of banal, piffing, unimaginative Anglo-Saxon oaths, at that.

Arcadiana

ATTACKING the average sub-postmaster as a Scrooge and a sweater, an angry member of the Union of Post Office Workers evidently knew nothing of the compensations of Scrooge's serfs in the hayseed areas.

The big compensation is that these victims get all the most exciting dirt an hour at least before the ordinary bush-wireless of the countryside gets it. For this reason few wary inhabitants of the Hick Belt ever send or receive telegrams or postcards, and those of us with relatives likely to be mixed up in

embezzlement, arson, forgery, murder, bigamy, and other Nordic sports take care to supply the family beforehand with special envelopes warranted to withstand steaming or a rolled pencil. Even then Miss Turmutts in the post-office may outwit us. Peeping sideways through the blind after hours, we may see her and her fresh-faced serfs executing a triumphant witch-dance. This means they know about poor Aunt Caroline's latest disgrace and are about to speed the joyful tidings far and wide.

You urban explorers who are dazed by the mysterious rapidity with which intimate news travels through the remotest countryside may like to know how it's done. There are three kinds of rural bush-wireless:

1. The ancient Pictish method of rhythmically raising and dropping a damp cowhide over a smoky fire in the open air;
2. Tapping out messages on an empty churn with a pick-handle, for relaying;



"My husband has just returned from a very secret mission"

3. Employing spare wives as runners (an expensive method, because somebody has to be behind them with a stick).

Dang and drabbit you, you don't know half the simple pleasures of Arcadia.

Fodder

ONE of the diet experts was speaking slightlyly the other day of rusks, as if rusks were invented purposely for invalids and babies. The poor numbskull erred. Rusks have a pretty tough and rousing history.

The original rusk was the *rosca de mar* or sea-biscuit which the Spanish galleons took aboard before they sailed to discover and open up the New World. Packed piping-hot from the ovens of Cadiz and Barcelona, or Havana, or Cartagena, in sealed lead-lined chests, rusks lasted the longest voyage, which bread does not. How do we know all this? Because we just took the trouble to look it up. Why don't the experts who gabble and dribble in the Press put themselves to the same trouble? Because they deem you, the public, to be saps and scorn you, whereas we love and esteem you above all things, breathlessly admire your intelligence and quick grasp of affairs, and are just crazy about your personal beauty.

That's us you see hanging round the door and touching our old greasy hat as you sweep out to mingle with the rich and great, or to walk divinely in the Park, the final flower of the ages and the cynosure and envy

(Concluded on page 302)



"Why doesn't he shave that darn thing off? Anyone would think he was in the Navy!"

Restaurant Roundabout

The Search for Food
in London After Dark



Major Lord Ashley and his wife dined together. She is French, and was wearing the Cross of Lorraine, emblem of the Fighting French

Photographs at
Bagatelle, Ciro's
and Mirabell
by Swaebe

Right:
Lt. the Maclaime of
Lochbuie took his wife
out to dinner. He
succeeded his father
in 1935 as the 23rd
Chief of Lochbuie



Lady Dudley, Danish wife of S/Ldr. Lord Dudley, R.A.F., and W/Cdr. G. Wotton devoted all their attention to the wartime menu



A foursome at this table were the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Lomax, the Hon. Charles Brand, Irish Guards, Mrs. John FitzGerald and Major Cecil Lomax, 9th Lancers



In this party, disturbed at dinner by the photographer, were Mrs. MacGregor, S/Ldr. G. Briggs, the Hon. Mrs. John Mansfield and Capt. D. T. MacGregor



The Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock shared a table with Mrs. D. Hamilton and Mr. A. Grayson. The Tavistocks' second son was born this year



Lady Forbes was facing Major W. F. P. McIntock, Mrs. M. Garrick, W/Cdr. G. H. Lewis and Mrs. Eric Hicking, who had their backs to the wall

Standing By ...

(Continued)

of all. Cab, sir? Buy a nice balloon, lady? Ah, the hell with you.

Interlude

ON the general topic of food, incidentally, we made up a homely ballad (unfinished) the other day while lunching with a wealthy friend, at the Savoy and looking round. You'd love us to sing it? Right:

I.

A little actress lunching with a Business Man one day,
Was shocked to hear him murmur as he
champed his Sole Mornay,
"I am your best pal, Baby, won't you listen
to me, dear?"
When leaping to her feet that sweetheart
shouted, loud and clear:

Refrain (with maiden impetuosity):

A girlie's best pal is her Mother,
As you'll read in the newspaper Press;
A rich City slicker
May lay it on thicker,
But such "friendship" will end in a mess;
Since my Mums is not present to guard me,
Being too apt to dither and dodder,
Before I half bean you,
Just hand me that meenyou—
For a girl's next best pal is her Fodder!

You will ask how to get the full satiric force in song of those quotation-marks round "friendship." You get it by coyly lowering the lashes.

Lapse

ROMANCE (we're a fool for it ourselves) or maybe nostalgia seems to have run away with the National War Savings publicity-boys, who recently depicted British soldiers in Burma as dreaming of "the Empire—the one in Leicester Square."

There is no Empire, Leicester Square. It died some years ago, and a super-cinema of the same name took its place. Can anybody sane dream about a place where synthetic drama and music are produced from cans? Cinema atmosphere is chill and essentially inhuman, whereas the Empire (Leicester

Square) which sahibs in exile used to dream about, from Bongo-Bongo to Greenland, was a rich warm raffish gallimaufry of gambols. The Promenade and its kaleidoscopic traffic, the frilly mopsies, all froufrou and Phul-Nana (scent of the period), the crash of the band, the superb leisurely variety-turns in a haze of smoke, the pop of corks, the clink of glasses, the howls of carefree youth being chucked out by enormous Ruritanian janisseries—all that was robustly human, and is gone for ever. When the Promenade was abolished, for excellent reasons, the Empire (Leicester Square) fell. No Spam-factory of the screen, however gorgeous, can take its place.

The test is Manet's *Bar aux Folies-Bergère*. What kind of inspiration would an artist like Manet derive from any super-cinema? Don't make us laugh.

Chum

FOR failing to destroy a Chow dog at the local magistrates' order, a Beckenham solicitor has already paid £649 in fines and costs, which is probably more than the doggie is worth. If both continue to live, it won't be long before the owner is up to the £1000 for which the 18th-century connoisseur Noel Constantine ("Dog") Jennings sold his famous antique marble bow-wow at Christie's. This marble, swiped by Mr. Jennings from Greece and said to have been modelled from the dumb chum of



"B6 reports contact with Goering's barber. Are there any instructions, Sir?"

Alcibiades, is now in a Yorkshire country house. We'd rather spend money on it than on a real doggie, personally, because apart from aesthetics it has no fawning tricks and wouldn't try to make us believe it thought we were a god. Bow-wows exploit chaps very cynically (and easily) in this way, which is why many realists, like Dr. Johnson and Baudelaire, prefer cats. You get no ridiculous idolatry from a cat, only a scornful imperial condescension, which is infinitely bracing.

Illusion

ONE of the last relics of the gentlemen's wars is the traditional parole given by captured officers, of which one of Auntie Times's little M.P. readers stated last week that British prisoners now have instructions not to give it.

The War Box is right, of course. Refusing parole gives the enemy more trouble. All the same it's a pity to lose a last historic link with the graceful days of Fontenoy and Lérida, when the Spaniards sent the French a present of fruit and ices before a terrific counter-attack. It wouldn't matter so much, perhaps, if certain half-baked "democratic" pundits hadn't a fixed idea that chivalry and fine feathers and the *punto de honor* made every war of the past a kind of Riviera battle-of-roses. The subconscious argument of the pundit, in logical form, goes like this:

Chaps with long curly hair, lace ruffles, and plumes were obviously not intelligent bowler-hatted he-men, like me;
Prince Rupert wore long curly hair, lace ruffles, and plumes;
Therefore . . .

The ideal cure would be to make the pundit face one of Rupert's hurricane charges, or an onslaught by that Renaissance Duke of Anjou who habitually fought plastered with jewels and fal-lals. Otherwise, a healing kick in the pants might help.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"No, no—not that kind of Baby Show!"



Lady Errington With Major and the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key

Not Far from London

Snapshots at Spinney Cottage, Northwood



Spinney Cottage, Northwood

Major and the Hon. Mrs. McNeill Cooper-Key had Viscountess Errington staying with them at their home, Spinney Cottage, when the photographer paid them a visit. Major Cooper-Key is in the Irish Guards, and his wife and Lady Errington are Lord Rothermere's two daughters. The Cooper-Keys have two little boys, Adrian and Esmond, and Lady Errington, wife of the Earl of Cromer's only son, has a daughter, born last year

Photographs by Swaebe



The Swing's the Thing



Adrian Appears Preoccupied



Lady Errington Controls Her Nephew, Esmond



Liza Elliott, fashion editor of "Allure," discusses the magazine's cover with her advertising manager, Charley Johnson. She can't make up her mind which cover to use (Ray Milland, Ginger Rogers)

"Lady in the Dark"

Elaborate Dreams, Haunting Melodies,
Gorgeous Clothes—and Ginger Rogers

● Paramount have spared no expense in their filming of the Moss Hart-Kurt-Weill Ira Gershwin "drama with music" which created such a sensation in New York when presented on Broadway in January 1941 with Gertrude Lawrence in the leading role. It is the story of Liza Elliott, successful editor of a snob fashion-magazine and her three loves—her publisher, her advertising manager and a glamorous film-star. Liza (Ginger Rogers), on the verge of a nervous breakdown, seeks the help of a psycho-analyst, and her fantastic dreams which follow provide the most costly and elaborate sequences ever filmed. They give Ginger the opportunity of wearing the most staggeringly beautiful dresses, one of which alone cost 10,400 dollars, and provide perfect tonic escapism in a country weary of five years of war. *Lady in the Dark* has a splendid cast, which includes Ray Milland, Warner Baxter, Jon Hall and Mischa Auer. It is at the Plaza



Liza, nearing a nervous breakdown, dreams strange dreams. In this, "Blue Dream," she wears a cloudy drift of silk net shading from marine to deep blue and shimmering with sequins. The dress had to be flame-proofed with calcium chloride because of its wide flimsy



Liza sees herself a captive in a cage. She dreams of her trial in a court of clowns, her prosecutor none other than her advertising manager, Charley, resplendent in ringmaster's garb



Liza sings "The Saga of Jenny," a song which always stopped the show when sung by Gertrude Lawrence. In this sequence also Ginger returns to the ballroom. In high heels and wearing a bouffant skirt—300 yards of material in all—she dances the most difficult number she has attempted to date



In "The Circus Dream" Liza sees herself again a child of twelve. Dressed as a schoolgirl, she relives her childhood circus thrills. Watching the photographer (a giant caricature of Mischa Auer) snapping an artist at work, Liza realises that these men are members of her own magazine staff. Most of her intimate friends and business associates make their appearance in this sequence



In "The Wedding Dream" Liza is the bride. She wears a wedding-gown reminiscent of mediæval Gothic dress, trimmed with pearls. With her attendants she walks through a fantastic garden with choir stalls of clipped hedges and trees out of which grow giant candelabra. The altar is a 30-ft. wedding-cake



Randy Curtis, the "beautiful hunk of a man" (Jon Hall), is the groom. In real life, Liza finds her film-star disappointing. It is advertising man Charley Johnson she eventually comes to love and finally marries

Body and Soul

Two Men Who Look After the
Welfare of the R.A.F.

Below: The Rev. John Arthur Jagoe, M.A., K.H.C., became Chaplain-in-Chief to the R.A.F. in April this year, succeeding the Rev. M. H. Edwards, who had held the post since 1940. The new Chaplain-in-Chief graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1910, and was appointed to the Royal Army Chaplain's Department in 1918, transferring to the R.A.F. five years later. Since then he has served in the Far East and at home, becoming Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief in 1942. He was appointed Hon. Chaplain to the King last year



Director-General of Medical Services, R.A.F.

Air Marshal Sir Harold Edward Whittingham, K.B.E., LL.D., M.B., Ch.B., F.R.C.P., was appointed Director-General of Medical Services, R.A.F., in 1942, and has been Hon. Physician to the King since 1938. He served during the last war with the R.A.M.C. in India and Mesopotamia, transferring to the R.A.F. in 1919 as Pathologist. Between 1925 and 1939 he commanded the R.A.F. Pathological Laboratory, Halton, and the R.A.F. Central Medical Establishment, acting also as Consultant in Hygiene, Pathology and Tropical Medicine. Air Marshal Whittingham, whose researches while in Malta in connection with the origin and prevention of Sand-Fly Fever earned him the high appreciation of the Air Council, received the North Persian Memorial Medal in 1923. Born in Portsmouth in 1887, the son of the late Engineer Rear-Admiral William Whittingham, C.B., he married the daughter of Dr. William Seright, of Greenock, and has one son and one daughter



Chaplain-in-Chief to the R.A.F.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

What's Cooked?

THIS, it is submitted, is a far easier question to answer than "What's cooking?" Negative information, as any hard-working General will tell us, is often more valuable than positive. That is to say, that if "Strategos" knows that his Opposite Number cannot possibly win at A he has money to burn at B. (Alexander the Second has got this information!) We do not know the day and hour when the starting-gate will go up for the Big Race, but we do know what is not going to win it. We do not know whether a thing we used to call the Big Race will be run on June 17th, or upon any other date; we do not know what is going to win; we think that we know what cannot. Since, in the opinion of many far wiser than I am, it is just level money whether the Derby, or any other race, will be run until a good steed named "Monty" has landed with all four feet on the far bank of an obstacle that is very far from being that cocktail impostor the steeplechase book, any jabber with which we may feel inclined to beguile ourselves can only be for amusement purposes. We know that we have a good "Horse," that he is going down to it with his ears cocked, and that we have a first-class jockey, who is also that rare combination, a good horseman to boot, on his back, and we know that the "Horse" has the speed and the scope, but that is all that we do know. So this is why I say that, before we think of whether Garden Path led some of them up the thing after which she is named, we must wait until Ike's grand jumper has landed galloping. It is necessarily a moment at which the boldest holds his breath.

Puzzle Corner

IN the meanwhile, there can be no harm in providing the browned-off chaps with a little diversion. Here it is: "Looking very carefully at the broadside snapshot of the finish of the Two Thousand Guineas, can you say why some people, who have thought it probable that Growing Confidence would have beaten Garden Path in another few yards, are most probably quite wrong?" A supplementary, and obvious, question if you saw the race and looked hard enough, is whether Harry Wragg could have

made that head much more? The snapshot, however, ought to give you some fun if you see what I see.

Before and After

THESE were the figures for the Derby about the leading characters *before* the Two Thousand: 12 to 1 Orestes, 14 to 1 Garden Path, 14 to 1 Happy Landing, 16 to 1 Vigorous, 20 to 1 Fair Fame (even before her One Thousand defeat), 20 to 1 Fair Glint, 20 to 1 Growing Confidence, 20 to 1 Tehran. And these were the approximate figures *after* the débâcle: 5 to 1 Growing Confidence, 6 to 1 Garden Path, 7 to 1 Tehran, 14 to 1 Mustang (after a win against a lot of nonentities), 16 to 1 Fair Glint, 16 to 1 His Excellency, 16 to 1 Vigorous, 20 to 1 Happy Landing, 20 to 1 Orestes, 66 to 1 Fair Fame (one-time favourite). As to these quotations by one of the most knowledgeable bookmakers, I think some are unduly generous and others quite as unduly cautious. My own opinion, based upon the evidence of my eyes, is that it would be a sheer waste of time to back some of these fallen stars with bad half-crowns. I think the prices of the first two should be reversed—to put things no higher; but then again, one of them is a lady, and we are still in the fire of spring. I should not have given either Orestes or Happy Landing any figure at all, for neither of them earned it in the Guineas. Mustang? Surely he must provide further security? I think that our friend is right to keep Vigorous exactly where he was. A long-striding horse such as he is may tell us a very different story over a mile and a half. If he is not fit to jump out of his skin, then I have never seen one that was.

Some Others

FAIR GLINT? I wish he were as big as Vigorous. I am quite sure that he will stay, and I would far rather take 16 to 1 about him than I would 14 to 1 about Mustang or 7 to 1 about Tehran. His Excellency? I wonder how much there is between him and the same owner's Picture Play, who laid them all out for dead in the One Thousand? He ran a fair fourth in the Guineas, which was a fast mile, 1 min. 39½ secs. Picture Play won the



Lords : Australia v. The Rest

S/Ldr. R. W. V. Robins and F/Lt. W. R. Hammond between them made 125 runs for The Rest. There was an exciting finish to the match, won by the Australians in the last five minutes by two runs

One Thousand in 1 min. 40½ secs. I am pretty sure that she will beat Tudor Maid in the Oaks (if any), wherever they may finish, but how good this might make His Excellency it is impossible to say—for me, at any rate, having no opinion at all of Tudor Maid's honesty after what we saw the other day. I wish Rockefeller were right, but I am afraid that he will not be. It would be sheer folly to take a risk until he has got his breathing apparatus quite right after his recent cough, for we know what might happen. However, he is in the Leger, and by then, let us hope, we may know something much more definite about the Big Jump Race. So T.T.F.N., for that's all I can do for you for the moment.

On the Gun-Sites

A LETTER which I am very pleased to get and publish has arrived from an old correspondent whom I first met (on paper) when she was thirteen; I suppose about seven years ago? She used to ride work for Jack Jarvis at Newmarket, and is now doing a useful war job driving a Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen and making the rounds of some of the loneliest gun- and light-sites somewhere in the Eastern district. When we first "met," she was Angela Jennings; (Concluded on page 308)



Cricket at Eton : A Drawn Match Between Eton College and The Buccaneers

The Eton XI, declared with 205 for seven wickets, the captain making 65. Sitting: P. D. S. Blake, Hon. L. R. White, H. A. Hely-Hutchinson (captain), E. R. Flint, C. C. Hely-Hutchinson. Standing: O. W. Fiennes, R. Asquith, J. D. Stewart-Grey, P. Matthey, I. H. Gilmour, B. J. D. Rudd, P. F. Gardiner Hill

The Buccaneers, opening their season when they met Eton, scored 159 for five wickets. Sitting: F/Lt. G. J. Jeffrey, R. K. Tebbs, Col. G. H. M. Cartwright (captain), C. H. West, S/Ldr. R. Sprinks. Standing: — Taylor, W. G. Keighley, W. W. Smith, P. E. Murray Willis, W. M. F. Bebbington, M. E. A. Keeling

D. R. Stuart



Curling Match at Oflag IX A/H

Officers in a German prison camp played a curling match, Britain v. The Dominions, won by the Dominions with the last stone. Players seen in this picture are: Major Painchaud (Canada), Capt. James (Wales), Major Merton (England), Major Rattray (New Zealand), Lt. the Hon. J. Macdonnell (Ireland), Brig. Haytor (South Africa), Gen. Fortune (Scotland), Brig. Cooper (South Africa), Padre Forrest (Australia), Lt. Acton (England). The spot where the players are standing serves as a cricket pitch during the summer



Officers of an R.A.F. Squadron Somewhere in the North

D. R. Stuart

Standing (back row, l. to r.): S/Ldr. A. Macaskill, F/O. O'Neill, F/O. D. L. Gaydon, F/O. D. E. Pile, F/O. R. D. Moore, F/O. B. C. Ogilvie, F/O. J. S. Gorton, F/O. Nield. Sitting: F/O. M. R. Alston, F/O. E. R. Lowrie, P/O. D. W. Bowman, F/Lt. J. Rhind, F/Lt. B. Thirtle, F/O. A. D. Mercer, F/Lt. R. F. G. Wakeling



Up the "Garden Path" at Newmarket: by "The Tout"

Much-talked-of Happy Landing, owned by Mr. Walter Hutchinson, failed to finish in the first three to Lord Derby's Garden Path in the Guineas. He had every chance, but apparently does not stay. Mr. Michael Miller manages Mr. Hutchinson's racing table, and has written several books on breeding. Mr. E. H. Gosling lives at Herringswell Manor, near Newmarket, where he owns a stud; he races on a small scale, but one of his own breeding, Loch Shiel (trained by George Colling, whose stable is showing good form), won the Spring Stakes (Division 1) on "Guineas Day" at Newmarket. Mr. Gosling is in normal times a keen follower of the Newmarket and Thurlow Hounds. An American visitor to Newmarket was Capt. Howard Flanigan, U.S. Navy, and others there in uniform included Major David McCall, Capt. J. Payne and Brig. H. Scott, D.S.O.

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

now she is Mrs. Hanford. Here is her letter, which speaks for itself:

The last time I wrote to you was when I was thirteen, and helping my mother, Mrs. Jennings, to collect money for Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke's Old War Horses' Fund.

How right you are in your notes last week, to say that an interest in racing is a cure for that "browned-off" feeling on lonely gun-sites.

I am now driving a Y.M.C.A. Mobile Canteen, and go about 60 miles every day, except Sunday. More than half my searchlight-sites ask me for "a winner for next meeting." We have a short discussion on the form and prospects, and, so far, they have had some very profitable bets.

Since April 1942 I had been riding for Jack Jarvis at Newmarket, so the S.L. men are keen to learn how so-and-so goes in her work, etc.!

I only wish magazines which mention racing were more plentiful. My mother's *Tatler* goes on to the Royal Naval War Libraries, but whenever I can get a friend's copy for my men, your article is the first they look for.

Most of us have backed Rockefeller and Honeyway for the Derby. I wonder if you agree? [No! Rockefeller may not run; Honeyway I doubt!—"S."]

I miss Newmarket a lot, but I think racing may be stopped at any moment, and, anyway, it's not proper war work for a girl. So, until racing is stopped, believe me your weekly views are doing a world of good in the lonely Lincolnshire Fens, where my twice-weekly visit is one of their few links with the outside world.

I know they'd be thrilled if you could ever spare a couple of lines to mention the value of their nightly work, and wish them "many winners," but I know how short you are of space.

However short I may be of space, there is always room to do what my young correspondent asks, but I hope that there is hardly any necessity for me, and all who know how tedious must be the hours of waiting, to say that we do not forget, and that we wish them good hunting? All war is made up of long periods of boredom, punctuated by vivid moments of excitement, which sometimes make up for all the rest. I have an idea that these lads on the guns, and also the gals on the searchlights, as well as some more of us, are going to get plenty of diversion before we are much older. How lucky we ought to count ourselves to be up at the finish of such a great hunt!



Swabe



Two people watching the proceedings were Miss Irene Mann Thompson and Countess Ossich

Windsor Horse Show :

The King and Queen See Their Daughters Win Two First Prizes



Princess Margaret won first prize in the utility single driving class, and Princess Elizabeth carried off the non-hackney section of the private driving class



Countess Fortescue and Lt.-Gen. Lord Knutsford were judging one of the events



Right: Princess Alexandra drove in one of the events. With her is the Hon. Brigid Westnara, daughter of Lord Rossmore

● Windsor Horse Show, held in brilliant sunshine on Whit Saturday, was attended by the King and Queen, while Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, competing for the first time, won prizes in two classes. Lord Grantley opened the show, Mr. Alan Selbourne was hon. organiser, and Mrs. Robert Laycock presented some of the prizes

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

One Who Knows

THE history of photography is a short one: as an invention it was not recognised until 1839; as an art perhaps it has still not yet been accorded the recognition that it deserves—in spite of, or maybe because of, the rather too palpable efforts of "art" photographers. This history, only a little bit narrowed down by particular reference to our own country, has now been written by Cecil Beaton, whose *British Photographers* ("Britain in Pictures" Series, Collins; 4s. 6d.) is as succinct and illuminating as one could wish, or, given his name, expect.

From the start, Mr. Beaton is well away with his subject. In this, he differs from several other contributors to the Series, who—perhaps owing to nervousness, to consciousness of having so much to say in the very small space proscribed—waste two or three precious first pages in preamble of a too generalised kind. Here we open straight on a challenging sentence, in which Mr. Beaton tells us that "photography may be said to have begun with man's discovery that the tanning of his face in summer was due to the chemical effect of the sun's rays on his skin." During and well before the Renaissance the possibilities of the camera obscura had been fascinating to a number of minds, most notably that of Leonardo da Vinci, who left detailed notes on it among his scientific papers. In the eighteenth century, a portable form of this was used by the Canalettos for help in their paintings of cities and palaces. But it was not, we learn, until two years after Queen Victoria had ascended the throne that a number of experimental efforts came to fruition. In England Henry Fox Talbot, in France Daguerre, announced their discoveries. Ignorant of one another, they had been working along different lines; their almost simultaneous arrival at the same goal (or, should one say, at the same first stage of what was to be a diverging journey) came to Talbot, certainly, as a shock. Meanwhile, on Daguerre's heels in France had been Niecephore Niepce, none of whose work has been, alas, preserved.

Daguerre caught on immediately, in a big way; daguerreotypes exist in most families; their peculiar qualities are well known. Of Talbot's lovelier work, which captures so much, I saw my first example in *British Photographers*, in the "Victorian Group at Laycock Abbey." Talbot, the conscious scientist, was an unconscious artist; his conversation pieces and seashore groups are tantalisingly described by Mr. Beaton; and so, in simple terms, are the technicalities of his process, from which so much was to follow.

Approach

I WAS struck by Mr. Beaton's remark that it was the invention, at its start, of photography that has brought the Victorian age, with its

personalities, so very much nearer to us than any preceding one:

Compared with the work of the writer, the efforts of the photographer may seem crude and superficial, but it is the camera that brings Gladstone and Disraeli, Thackeray, Dickens and Tennyson before our eyes complete down to the very smallest detail, their clothes, their expressions, the attitudes they affected. In photographs of the Victorian interior we seem to catch the essence of Victorian domesticity. . . . What would we not give for earlier documents? If Leonardo had brought his photographic discoveries to perfection we might have had a snapshot of the Mona Lisa. We would have had a "Stage Photo Company" portrait of Shakespeare, a Lafayette wedding group of Henry VIII., a Photoman of Queen Elizabeth, a "boudoir portrait" of Mary Stuart, a "Miss Compton Collier" of Jane Austen or Blake at home, a "newsnap" of Marie Antoinette going to the guillotine or the trial of Joan of Arc, a "Candid-camera" of Caroline Lamb or Byron, a "Sachalite" of Harriet Wilson at supper or a "Cecil Beaton" of Lady Hamilton in her poses.

All through, Mr. Beaton so uses fancy as to make the facts of photography still more interesting. Also he sees his subject not only as a whole, but in relation to others: what part has photography played, or has still to play, in history?—to what degree has it affected, and been affected by, other arts?—how far has it served, and how far created, fashion? Mr. Beaton also has a good deal to tell us about the camera-habits of various men and women—Mrs. Cameron, who kept her housemaids for whole mornings posing before her



"Bartimeus," Press Secretary

The King recently appointed Paymaster-Captain Lewis Ritchie, C.V.O., C.B.E., R.N., to His Majesty's household as Press Secretary. Well known under his pen name of "Bartimeus" as a writer of sea stories, Paymaster-Captain Ritchie's first book, "Naval Occasions," was published in 1914

camera dressed as angels; Octavius Hill, who, beginning as an uninspired, if thoroughly worthy, painter, learned to use the lens with a distinction quite unknown by his brush. And how many people know—I certainly did not—of that first and magnificent war-photography of Roger Fenton, who travelled to the Crimean War with an equipment of nightmarish bulkiness? That

same Fenton has left us exquisite, Dutch-like still-lives of flagons, roses and grapes. The evolution of the society portrait, via the *cartes-de-visites* of Mr. Silvy, of Porchester Terrace, and those pastel effects that etherealised the Edwardian beauties, makes an absorbing story.

The illustrations, which are the author's choice, should be studied not only for their own sakes—indeed, they have beauty, strangeness or "period" comicality enough—but also in close relation to what he says. *British Photographers* suffers from one defect: Mr. Beaton, though using some of his own photographs, makes not the slightest reference to his own work; which omission more than a little queers the balance of his section about photography in our own day. Several other "Britain in Pictures" authors, as leading exponents of arts on which they were asked to write, have likewise failed to conquer their modesty; in what could have been, surely, a worthy cause? However, the author always knows best.

The Duchess in the Hat

HER great-great-granddaughter, Iris Leveson Gower, has written the story of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. *The Face Without a Frown* (Frederick

(Concluded on page 312)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I AM always rather sorry for the person who does not care for books or

music, art or philosophy—briefly, the person who has no "interior" hobby of his or her own. They must miss such a lot; especially in these days, when to get away from all this is about as heartening as good news from the front. When the day's work is done, I can imagine no existence more soul-deadening than having to become involved in garrulous conversation concerning theories of military strategy or war gossip; leading nowhere via food problems, air-raid rumours, idle prophecies concerning when the war is going to end, and how, the proposed New World and the latest speech of Mr. Churchill's.

The heartache of war, it always seems to me, is too deep-seated to be endlessly discussed. Sanity is only found in from time to time getting right away from it—like an escape from relations all boiling with a family grievance. Therefore I always feel an immense sympathy for the Service man whose present life precludes him tragically from ever living the life which is his by character and temperament and understanding. He may be a good soldier, but he is a very lonely man—in that devastating form of loneliness which is a deprivation of all that makes life beautiful, exciting and mentally significant.

To live perpetually in a crowd, to know most of the individual members of that crowd and still never to be of it, adds a daily difficulty to life which only those

By Richard King

who are one of such a crowd ever understand.

I too am living in a crowd;

but if at the end of the day I could not look forward to an hour or two of escape, I think I should plan murder or suicide. Indeed, there are moments when I can imagine that happiness consists of one room of one's very own, plenty of books, a gramophone and some lovely records, and a few pictures which one can look at again and again. And, if perfection must be imagined, then someone who loves me and is by me beloved.

Indeed, were I to attempt to educate the young, I would teach them hobbies; encourage any latent love of literature, music and the arts before I would concentrate on their careers. Achieving this, I would know that, though subsequently they may feel lonely, they will never suffer from the bleakness of feeling themselves quite alone. Those who disagree will probably refer sneeringly to Ivory Towers. Well, Ivory Towers can often add a lovely significance to life. Unwise to live in them entirely, of course; but of inestimable value to possess a key. And thus, when the anxiety and turmoil and all the botherations of existence grate on the spirit, they can get away from it all and, in everything that matters to the mind, they can live. It is comparatively easy to conform to the dictates of the outside world when it is possible each day to "escape," and to delve into splendours which the outside world cannot penetrate and in which your own company holds a glorious self-sufficiency.

On Active Service



Officers of a Depot, Royal Marines

Front row: Surg. Cdr. (D) W. E. A. Sampson, R.N., Capt. A. H. Parnell, Lt.-Col. S. Halliwell, M.B.E., Major R. S. Lansdale, Lt. Col. (Bt. Col.) F. W. Dewhurst (C.O.), Capt. K. R. Craven (Adjutant), Major W. J. Stuart, O.B.E., Capt. C. H. Cross, Rev. C. Davies, O.B.E., A.K.C., R.N. Second row: Surg. Lt. N. L. Fox, R.N., Lts. D. Hartley, H. Caldbeck, A. A. J. Foster, Capt. V. W. Davidson, E. G. Thornton, M.B.E., Lts. E. Evans, M.S.M., P. R. Bidmead, F. M. D. Tal- lent, Surg. Lt. (D) A. J. Clement, R.N.V.R. Third row: Surg. Lts. R.N.V.R., W. R. Ralley (D), V. P. McDonagh, W/O. T. Ryans, Lt. F. J. Wilkins, W/O.s G. Brookman, W. B. Smith, A. B. Clarke, J. S. Toft, M.A., R.N., Surg. Lt. (D) W. A. C. Glennie, R.N.V.R. Back row: Surg. Lts. R.N.V.R., J. G. A. Piper (D), R. A. Brown (D), R. F. Clarke, L. K. Nicholl (D), P. Pearce (D), Rev. A. Warne, M.A., R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. (Sp.) M. H. Brolley, R.N.V.R.

(Right) Front row: Capt. T. J. Skippings, H. W. Venner, T. Leech, Majors A. M. McClure, C. C. Kerr, the Commanding Officer, Major T. H. R. H. Jolly, Capt. M. Rooms (Mess Sec.), Majors T. A. Langhorn, J. M. Bryce-Smith, Lt. Shergold. Middle row: Lts. R. Morrison, P. W. Moss, Capt. K. Aslett, J. C. Mace, Lts. J. Litster, W. Munro, J. F. Gaunt, J. P. Ingram, F. R. G. Gotaas. Back row: Lts. L. J. Collins, F. H. Leaning, G. Woodcock, T. B. Roberts, N. Greenhaugh, G. Viskerman, G. W. Dibdin, R. A. Dyer, Capt. R. T. D. Parfitt, Lt. D. J. Perryer



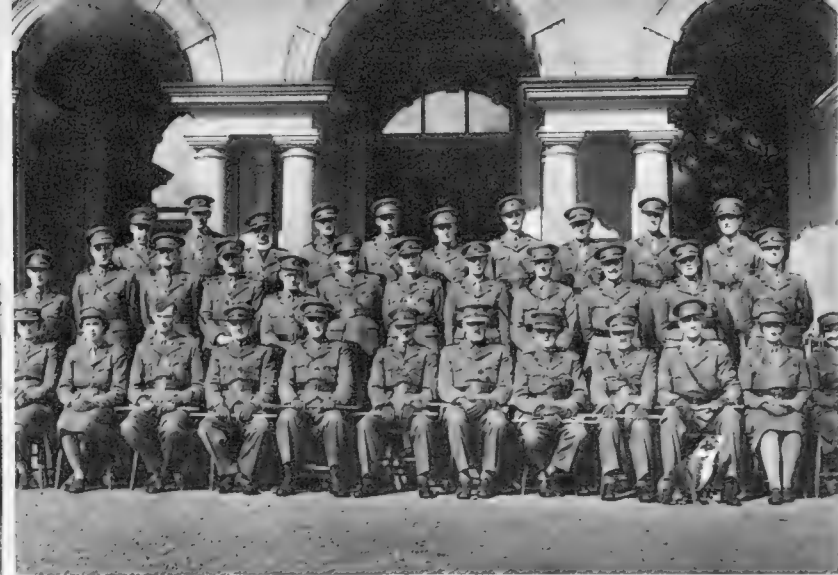
Officers of the R.A. Mess, Europa, Gibraltar



D. R. Stuart

Captain, Commander, and Officers of Coastal Force Craft

Front row: S/Lt. G. N. Rands, R.N.V.R., Lts. J. N. A. Buckmaster, R.N.V.R., J. A. St. H. Brock, R.N.V.R., Cdr. A. E. Christie, V.D., R.N.V.R., Capt. G. N. Jones, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.D., R.N.R., Lt.-Cdr. Woods, R.N.V.R., Lts. J. S. E. Page, R.N.V.R., K. D. Sole, R.N.V.R. Second row: S/Lt. J. A. Potter, R.N.V.R., Lt. B. S. Collins, R.N.V.R., S/Lts. J. B. Baber, R.N.V.R., C. D. P. Cookson, D. Clegg, R.N.V.R., Lts. D. V. Cocking, R.N.V.R., H. A. Rapp, R.N.V.R. Back row: S/Lt. D. Westernman, R.N.V.R., Mid. C. A. Dale, R.N.V.R., S/Lt. Wilson, R.N.V.R., Lt. L. de F. Lucas, R.N.V.R., S/Lts. D. Beattie, R.N.V.R., Davidson, R.N.V.R., R. J. Smith, R.N.V.R.



H. Gill

Officers of a Training Battalion, (D) R.A.S.C.

Front row: Subs. M. Adams, P. J. Miller-Thomas, Capt. A. Allan, Majors J. W. G. Oates, J. S. W. Anderson, the Commanding Officer, Majors C. H. Keane, W. E. Morse, B. P. G. Hunt, Capt. W. R. Bruce, J/C. M. Cornish-Bowden, Sub. M. M. Hicken. Middle row: Lts. R. A. Simon, K. Harner, R. J. Gilbert, F. W. Pocock, Capt. R. V. Peters, W. A. Dobson, W. H. Russell, D.F.C., Lt. R. F. Simpson, Capt. R. Bartlett, Lts. C. H. McKay, H. J. Alderson, R. H. Watson. Back row: Lts. C. A. Newman, J. H. C. Williams, Capt. the Rev. W. R. I. P. Thomas, 2nd Lt. S. G. Milne, Lt. W. G. Willmott, 2nd Lt. D. S. Elcombe, Lts. W. C. Argles, A. Newton-Carter, G. A. McLaren, F. Hatton



D. R. Stuart

The Staff at H.M. Signal School

Front row: Lt.-Cdr. E. M. Manners, Instr. Cdr. L. S. Bennett, Cdr. J. H. C. Willoughby, Capt. the Hon. J. B. Bruce, G. H. Warner, D.S.C., Cdr. J. G. T. Inglis, O.B.E., Lt.-Cdr. Francis, J. M. A. Ennion, Instr. Lt.-Cdr. D. K. McCleery. Second row: Surg. Lt. T. A. Layelle, Mr. S. G. Oxley, Lt.-Cdr. P. Hankey, D.S.C., R. F. Wells, D.S.C., Lts. J. F. Sommerville, J. E. Poulden, M.B.E., Rev. S. M. Epps, Lt.-Cdr. G. C. F. Whitaker, E. T. L. Dunster- ville. Third row: Mr. W. A. F. Maybourne, Mr. G. H. Parke, Mr. K. W. Owen, Mr. H. C. Noble, Lts. A. E. Cullimore, J. L. Tomkins, Headmaster Lt. J. Marshall. Fourth row: Mr. Kirkwood, Mr. W. G. Jones, Mr. F. D. Maynard, D.S.C., Mr. H. Surrey

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 297)

States, going from his public school in England to Harvard. He is M.P. for King's Lynn. Lord and Lady Ebbisham came together, the latter being a patron of this Club. Their only son, the Hon. Rowland Blades, was taken prisoner in 1940.

Y.W.C.A. Concert

A LARGE audience at the Royal Albert Hall gave Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth an enthusiastic welcome when they came to the Empire Day Concert given by Dame Myra Hess and the London Philharmonic Orchestra under their conductor, Sir Adrian Boult, in aid of Mrs. Churchill's Y.W.C.A. Wartime Fund. A programme of Mozart, Elgar, Butterworth and Schumann had been chosen. The Queen was received by Lady Cynthia Colville, President of the Y.W.C.A. of Great Britain, and by Mrs. Churchill. Programmes were sold by members of the three women's Services, the Prime Minister's daughters, S/O. Oliver and Subaltern Mary Churchill, among them. Many boxes had been taken by the Dominions and given to members of their forces, and the hall was brilliant with the Allied flags and the much decorated tunics of many of those present.

Sporting Engagement

MUCH interest has been felt in the sporting world at the engagement of Major Victor McCalmont and Miss Bunnie Sutton. Major McCalmont was riding in amateur races as a very young man just before



Johnson, Oxford

Mr. R. A. Butler Visits the O.U.C.A.

In this picture of the committee, taken in Balliol at the dinner preceding the visit of Mr. R. A. Butler, President of the Board of Education, to the Oxford University Conservative Association, are (front row) Mr. A. H. Head (ex-President), Miss D. Irwin (Treasurer), Mr. O. W. Olson (President), Mr. R. A. Butler, Miss U. Harrison (ex-Secretary), Mr. R. F. Brown (Secretary). Middle row: Mr. W. J. Stafford, Mr. C. d'O. Farran, Miss J. Pattison, Miss V. Lloyd, Mr. P. E. Kahle, Mr. M. A. Hooker (ex-Secretary). Back row: Mr. I. N. Wilkinson (Agent), Mr. M. Urwick Smith (Secretary), Mr. P. J. M. Trollope, Mr. W. J. Evill (Agent), Mr. R. W. Weisweiler (Agent), Dr. H. G. Hanbury (Senior Treasurer, and Senior Proctor of the University) and Miss M. Pomeroy (Agent).

the war, since when, until recently, he has been on very active service with his regiment in the Middle East. His father, Major Dermot McCalmont, owned the never-to-be-forgotten Tetrarch, and has been Master of the Kilkenny for many years now. The present time seems to be packed with interest for him, as, in addition to his son's engagement, his second wife, formerly Miss June Nickalls, presented him with a third son a short time ago, and his horse, Slide On, dead-heated for the Irish 2000 Guineas. Miss Sutton, who is a daughter of Col. "Squeak" Sutton, M.F.H., shares all her fiancé's hunting and racing interests, and is at present working in the M.T.C. in London. She and Major McCalmont at present intend to wait until after the war to be married.

Out and About

SHORT leaves are the order of the day now and only a few are lucky enough to get even a few hours' respite from their various duties. Col. David Niven, the star of *The Way Ahead*, was walking along Piccadilly quite unrecognised. Further on I saw Lt.-Cdr. George Newman, the famous Oxford and county cricketer, looking bronzed and well. Capt. the Marquess of Townshend, who is in the Scots Guards, was with his wife; Capt. Duncan Cambridge, the rackets player, recently returned from the North African and Italian campaigns, was another. Princess Aspasia was strolling along with Lady Melchett; Lady Katherine Bingham was hurrying; and Viscountess Lambton, was, as usual, escorted by her very faithful miniature dachshund.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 310)

Muller; 15s.) should appeal to any who seek, or who are glad to have shown to them, the living, breathing woman behind the myth. It is also a well-documented study of the Regency period, of "the Carlton House set" and of glittering Whiggery. Miss Leveson Gower (who some time ago, with her father, edited the letters of the Duchess's daughter, "Hary-o" Cavendish) has had access, for this her second book, to still more family papers: her material, of which she makes first-rate use, has almost all been drawn from unpublished sources.

In her "Apologia," Miss Leveson Gower remarks on the petrifying power of any myth:

Helen's face launched a thousand ships and burned the topmost towers of Ilium; the debatable length of Cleopatra's nose changed the history of her world; Nell Gwynne sold oranges, called herself the Protestant whore, and endeared herself for ever to the English people. Georgiana Devonshire kissed a butcher and wore a large hat; since then she is the beautiful Duchess of a million chocolate boxes. I remember being introduced to her through the medium of her picture. "That's your great-great-grandmother," I was told, "the beautiful Duchess who kissed the butcher." Afterwards . . . I came to know her, and found that most of the time she did not wear the hat and that she was not exclusively occupied in kissing tradesmen, or even other men, for that matter.

I found that, contrary to legend, she was a simple woman who was often very unhappy; that the contrasts between her instincts, her upbringing and her surroundings after her marriage had created a conflict and given a purpose to her life.

Georgiana (pronounced 'George-ayna') Spencer married, on her seventeenth birthday, June 7th, 1774, William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, who was at that time aged twenty-four. The match, which in every sense but the human was of the most suitable, had been an "arranged" one: when the young couple first met they were already engaged. Georgiana's famous beauty, her descendant makes clear, was less a matter of features than the dazzling effluence of the self within; love of life and of people, innocence, tenderness, vitality and enthusiasm streamed from her; to meet her was to love her. It was the young Duchess's blend of these qualities that gave her her disregard for her own reputation. And her literally fatal extravagance (for she died, in the end, more or less of repressed worry) arose from excess of vitality, that *must* spend, because it could spend itself in no other way. The Duke, on the other hand, was not inspiring; he expected little, in the personal sense, from marriage, and was to bring to it even less. He was, Miss Leveson Gower says, "a dull, worthy, conscientious young man, without humanity, humour or spontaneity, grave in his manners, clumsy in his movements (he brought one lovely crystal lustre crashing to the ground at a rout, and then leaned against its brother, with the same deplorable result, and only said: 'This is singular enough')." One might say that in his relations with Georgiana much the same negative attitude towards crystal lustres showed.

"Faster, Faster . . ."

IF the Duchess was self-martyrised by her debts, she was not consciously martyred by the demands of Society. Enjoying—at least at first—everything, she filled brilliantly her brilliant position. The childlessness, for its first eight years, of her marriage threatened a vacuum that her friends rushed in to fill; she engaged herself deeply in their affairs, acting, for instance, as anxious intermediary between "Prinny" and the virtuous Mrs. Fitzherbert. Motherhood when, to her joy, it came, did not suspend her activities: the year after the birth of her first child, Georgiana's championship of Charles James Fox, at the time of the Westminster election (of which Miss Leveson Gower gives a full and lively account), occasioned the butcher-kissing incident.

With every year she lived things accelerated. This Duchess of *The Face Without a Frown* reminds one of the woman in the poem:

"Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound.
But for peace her soul was yearning—"

Peace, and unending happiness, she did find in her relations with her vigorous mother, Lady Spencer, with her children, with her younger sister, Harriet Duncannon, who, as Lady Bessborough, has hitherto held one's interest as the subtler, if quieter, of the two. Love for Charles Grey, the Duchess's brilliant junior, brought, one feels, doubtful happiness and not much peace. Miss Leveson Gower's analysis, and to an extent explanation, of the enigmatic triangular relationship between the Devonshires and Lady Elizabeth Foster is, at least to my mind, the high point of the book: "Bess," she suggests, was Becky Sharp's prototype. The Duchess's letters to her mother and to her children, as given here, are delicious.

A Writer to Watch

MARY LAVIN's first book, *Tales from Bective Bridge*, not only gained the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for last year, but attracted, all round, the interest that it deserved. Now, with *The Long Ago, and Other Stories* (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.) she should keep her existing readers and gain others. Her imagination, as before, is remarkable, and her powers of expressing it have increased: she has deep-down, not merely showy, originality. At tragic-comedy she, on the whole, excels; seldom, for instance, since Katherine Mansfield has anyone written so truly of young girls. At the same time she knows how to strike a grim note. "The Nun's Mother," "The Haymaking," "The Young Girls" and "The Cemetery in the Demesne" are, in their very different ways, masterpieces.

Digestive Disorders

The Importance of Ovaltine in Restorative Treatment

MOST men and women to-day are so fully employed, in and out of regular working hours, that hurried meals and snacks often take the place of regular meals. The result is a strain on the digestive system which frequently gives rise to symptoms of indigestion.

When the digestion has been impaired in this way it is important to give it relief from abnormal strain, and this can best be accomplished by avoiding rushed meals, taking instead a cup of 'Ovaltine.'

This delicious food beverage is 100 per cent. concentrated nourishment in a form exceptionally easy to assimilate. Prepared from Nature's best foods—malt, milk and eggs—'Ovaltine' provides soothing, nerve-building and revitalising nourishment without imposing strain on the digestion.

This is one of the important reasons why 'Ovaltine' is supplied to Military and Civil Hospitals. 'Ovaltine' has for many years been considered a hospital stand-by in cases of difficult feeding. It is also widely used in Industrial and Service Canteens.

Drink Delicious

Ovaltine

The Restorative Food Beverage

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/4, 2/4 and 4/- per tin.

P618A



The best
that money can
buy... or
points procure



Huntley & Palmers
Biscuits

Now available only in London, Southern, South Western and South Wales Food Areas



PLAIN grey flannel is simply tailored to make this yoked jacket with its high revers. The skirt has three pleats in front. £14 14s. From H. J. Nicoll



THE dressmaker jumper suit, also in flannel, is for casual wear; it buttons up to the neck and has novel double pockets. The skirt is pleated in front. £13 5s. 8d. From Harrods



STRIPED grey flannel has been cunningly cut to show the material—and your figure—to its best advantage. Slanting patch pockets are flattering. £13 13s. From H. J. Nicoll

THREE FLANNEL SUITS



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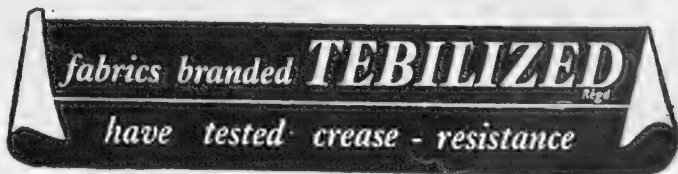
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Spectator
Model

*No more
creasing worries!*



Rayons that crease up are things of the past. Fabrics marked 'Tebilized' simply de-wrinkle themselves, just as wool does naturally! And these wonderful fabrics have more than *tested crease-resistance*, they drape more subtly and need washing and ironing less often. Remember this too; so long as you're quite squanderbug-proof, buying 'Tebilized' brand fabrics actually speeds victory. They have stabler dyes, reduced shrinkage-risk and longer useful life—all virtues that help divert raw materials to war factories. So ask to see the important 'Tebilized' mark that stands for thrift as well as band-box chic. It's on Utility rayons too!



'TEBILIZED' TRADE MARK USERS ASSOCIATION
2 COOPER STREET, MANCHESTER 2

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

FOR the first time in his life he had been asked to make an after-dinner speech, and he rehearsed his oration before his wife for days before the function. Finally the great day arrived, and on his return home his proud wife inquired how the speech had been received.

"Evidently I was moving, soothing and satisfying," was the reply. "Moving because after the first few minutes half my audience went out; soothing because the other half then went to sleep; and satisfying because when I sat down the man opposite me woke up and said: 'Well, we've had enough of that old fool!'"

THIS is one of the many stories told of the wit of the celebrated author, Mark Twain.

On one of Mark Twain's visits to the Golden State, a native son, eager to demonstrate the marvellous effects of the California climate, was displaying his ambitious garden.

"Here, Mr. Clemens, you see the Alaska cypress, growing right next to the Natal plum. This is the chenille plant from the East Indies. Next to it is the Canary Island dragon tree. Over there is the silver tree from South Africa. Just beyond is the Chinese ginkgo, and here we have the English tea rose. Strangers from many climes, you see, they all grow here in California, Mr. Clemens."

Mark Twain leaned down and peered at a struggling hopeful.

"Ye-es, they all grow here," he chuckled, "but some of 'em hate like hell to do it."

SOME girls in a domestic class were asked to name the benefits of natural feeding of babies.

One girl wrote:

- (a) It's cheaper.
- (b) It keeps over the weekend.
- (c) The cat can't get at it.
- (d) It is not under the Milk Marketing Board.

A DEAR old lady was watching some soldiers being drilled in the village square.

"Company! Two paces forward—march!" roared the sergeant-major.

"Now isn't that a silly thing to do, dear?" remarked the dear old lady to her friend. "Why couldn't he take two paces forward himself instead of moving the whole regiment?"

"It is high time," said the reformer, "that we had a moral awakening. Let us rise in our might. Let us gird our loins. Let us take off our coats. Let us bare our arms. Let us—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed a tall, angular woman near the platform. "If this is to be a moral awakening, don't you dare to take off another thing!"

AT a horse fair all sorts of horses were being offered. Every old crock in the country seemed to be there.

An old farmer came up with an aged steed gone in at the knees and walking on three legs.

"How much?" asked the auctioneer.

"Fifteen pounds," came the stolid reply.

The auctioneer looked pained and surprised.

"I want to know your price—not the weight of the animal," he remarked.



Marion Gordon has her first leading role on the London stage in the revival of "The Student Prince" now at the Stoll Theatre. She plays the part of Kathie, the landlord's niece with whom the young Prince Karl falls in love. Before the war Marion was an experienced airwoman and held a pilot's licence with thirty-six hours solo to her credit.

THIS is taken from Stories fra Aberdeen by Peter Esselmon.

Inspector on General Knowledge:—

"What is cow hide good for?"

First boy: "For making footballs."

Inspector: "Very good."

Second boy: "For making boots."

Inspector: "Very good."

Inspector, to small boy who appeared to have been thinking:—

"Well, my little man, what do you think cow hide is good for?"

Small boy: "For hauding the cow together."

THE school was situated in a busy main street and at certain times a policeman was posted to take the children across the road safely. One day the policeman on duty was engaged in conversation with a colleague while two small boys waited impatiently to be escorted across the road. After some minutes the elder child could stand it no longer.

"Hi, you!" he called out. "What about it?"

"We've got work to do."

THE men had foregathered in the canteen. "Ere!" said one. "What's all this about the sergeant falling into a camouflaged practice trench and breaking his leg?"

"Ssh!" replied another urgently. "It doesn't appen till tomorrow."

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Proxy Test Pilots

PILOTS' opinions of the behaviour of an aircraft are based on the subconscious blending of many factors no instruments can yet copy. No, these are my words. They are the words of no less an authority than Mr. E. T. Jones who is the chief technical officer at Boscombe Down. They sum up one of the abiding troubles in all test flying. It is concerned with obtaining accurate and objective measurements of the factors making up the total behaviour of an aircraft. Early test flying consisted in taking an aircraft up and writing down at appropriate intervals the readings of the instruments which it carried and a few extra instruments that were hung upon the machine for the express purpose of testing. Automatic recording was confined in those early days to a couple of barographs which were usually installed somewhere in the fuselage behind the crew position. It was obvious from the first that the less one needed to rely upon pilots' opinions and the more one could obtain in the way of direct mechanical and recorded measurements the better. But mechanical recording is difficult to apply to such things, for instance, as "manoeuvrability." How can any instrument tell you how a Spitfire, for example, handles in relation to a Hurricane, or how a Lancaster handles in relation to a Halifax. These things elude the most sensitive instruments, or, at any rate, they have eluded them up to the present. Even the recording of top speed was a matter largely in the hands of the pilot. He flew his aircraft over a speed course to calibrate the airspeed indicator, and then he took it up to various levels and at each level obtained readings of the maximum speed. These readings were then taken by technical officers, mixed with innumerable other readings from meteorological instruments, subjected to a series of calculations and finally turned out like



Four Airmen Decorated

S/Ldr. E. Cresswell, D.S.O., W/Cdr. P. Cundy, D.S.O., W/Cdr. D. R. Her, D.S.O., and S/Ldr. A. Southall, D.S.O., D.S.C., got together in the courtyard, when leaving Buckingham Palace after receiving their awards at a recent investiture.

Mrs. Beeton recipe in completed form. About the year 1940, however, the Americans introduced a means of recording the speed of an aircraft by radio using the ordinary aircraft transmitter and, therefore, not loading up the aircraft itself with additional equipment. The method is, I believe, entirely successful and is only held up because of the wartime problems concerned with interference. But it does indicate the way test flying must go if it is to continue to advance.

Portrait of Performance

CAMERAS have been used very extensively in test flying for helping thus to transfer the responsibility of noting and recording figures from the human observer to the mechanical. Take-offs and landings can be recorded in some detail by cameras of a special design. There are also cameras which will record successive readings of instruments in the aircraft. The camera, in fact, has come to the aid of the test pilot in many ways. Another ingenious scheme, also emanating from America, was to arrange for some form of radio transmitter which would send at set intervals a record of all necessary readings in the aircraft, this record being photographed when it reached the ground. But in spite of the ingenuity with which cameras and other instruments have been used for transferring the responsibility from the man to a machine, it remains today true that the final qualities of handling are still weighed according to pilots' opinions. A great many attempts have been made to devise schemes for breaking up handling into various factors, each of which can be automatically measured, but none of these schemes has yet succeeded.

Incidentally the quotation I made from Mr. E. T. Jones comes from a remarkable paper on *Flight Testing Methods* which was read before the Royal Aeronautical Society in February, and which was, I believe, the first open meeting for the discussion of technical problems since the outbreak of war.

Atlantic

WHEN people talk about the future of commercial flying and especially about the future of the Atlantic air line, they do not often remember that a great deal of development work has been done already. There is a Joint Control Board for the North Atlantic air services created by the Royal Air Force and United States Transport Commands with three British (including one Canadian) and three United States members. This Control Board has assembled a vast amount of valuable operating information. In fact, I believe that a sort of blue book has been prepared, assembling in concise form all the information that has been gathered together.

Much praise for all this work is due to Sir Frederick Bowhill who, from the very beginning, has acted with energy in seeing that the technique of Atlantic flying is pressed forward with the utmost expedition. This body of experience belongs both to Britain and to America in more or less equal proportions. Probably in many other parts of the world-equally useful experience is being accumulated and set down in book form, so that wherever air lines must run those who have access to Anglo-American experience during the present war will be placed at an advantage.

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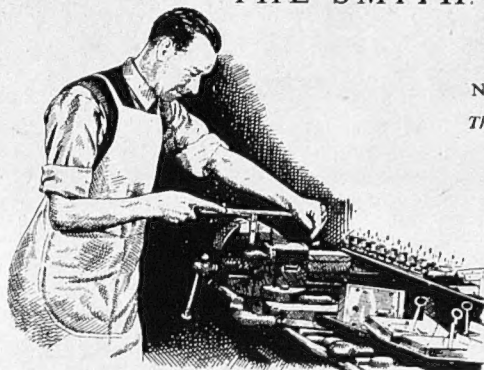
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THIRST QUENCHER OF OLD NILE

Dear Hawkins,

I am now in Cairo for a short spot of leave and spending some time in the Club where I sit on my shoulder blades in a long low chair, smoke cheroots and sip tall glasses of Rose's Lime Juice, nobly iced. Quite a change after months of tepid chlorinated water.

How are things going with you? I notice from the snap you enclosed that you have lost a certain amount of weight amidst. Or is that the effect of the Home Guard Uniform?

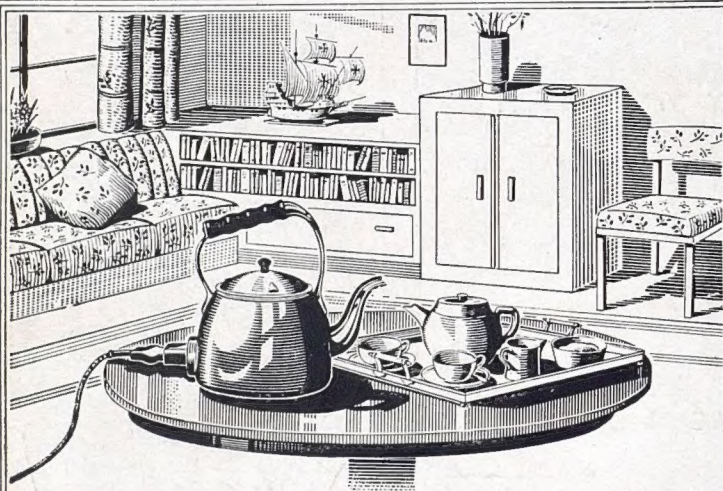
We shall have to do something about your periphery after the war, for a streamlined Hawkins is as unnatural as a fat winner of the Waterloo Cup.

I met the Colonel in Shepherd's two days ago. You will remember that he stayed with us in 1937. He was a major at the time. He asked after you, and has also invited himself to come down for a week-end after the war. You might start planning the festivities forthwith, not overlooking the Rose's. I'm off for a swim. Best wishes.

Very sincerely

G. de St. F.

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